

XXIV. 8

The Crescent

FRESHMEN



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THE CRESCENT

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Heinrich Kibnapped

Heinrich Heine Schmidlein was howling dismally. He had been naughty in school; so his hard hearted and cruel teacher had set him out on the school steps to meditate upon his misdemeanor, after giving him a severe beating.

"Was ist los, sonny?" said a kindly voice. Heinrich looked up and wiped his large china-blue eyes. The tracks of his tears were visible over his dirty little face and his yellow hair was sticking out over his head, making him look like a dandelion in full blossom. It was an old man who spoke. When Heinrich found he was of the same nationality as himself and that the bag he carried appeared to have candy in it, the little boy cheered up and began to realize that life might be endurable after all.

"If I come by you, may I have two fried eggs for breakfast?" asked Heinrich.

"Ja," answered his friend, so Heinrich bade a silent farewell to his school, which he hoped never to see again,

and set forth with his new found friend. They soon left the residence part of the city and entered the poorer business district. At last they came to a dark little second-hand store. This they entered after strong protests from Heinrich, who preferred the delicatessen store next door, where many fat sausages hung in the window.

"This is where du bleist!" said the old man decidedly and pulled Heinrich in. An old woman came to meet them. "Heinrich Strauss!" said she, "where have you been all this time?"

"Sssh!" said Mr. Strauss, "here is the little bub you have been wanting so long and for me he can sweep out the store in the morning."

Heinrich suddenly had a pang of homesickness, but Mrs. Strauss was a motherly woman and was soon cuddling him in her lap, with a big piece of sausage in his hand. She had long wanted to adopt a little boy and here was one coming from—she didn't know where. As for her husband—here was the very boy he wanted to run errands. So all three were satisfied.

Meanwhile the day had come to an end and the Schmidlein family were looking anxiously for Heinrich. When the Schmidlein father came home from work his wife met him with tears. "Heinrich ist verloren," she sobbed and all his seven brothers and sisters set up a chorus of howls. "Wo ist Heinrich?" they all cried. Consternation reigned supreme for some moments. Finally a bright idea came to the father. "We will go to the school teacher. She will know." The plan was sized upon eagerly by the whole family and they were soon all running down the street, Wilhelm (the dog) leading, and the twins, Johanna and Hans, bringing up the rear.

When they arrived at the school, the teacher met them with astonishment. She had seen nothing of Heinrich since morning when she sent him out. "I thought he got angry and went home," she said. The Schmidlein family were distracted. They rushed through the halls of the school, looking under tables and chairs, but no Heinrich! "What shall we do?" the teacher asked; but after his one bright idea the Schmidlein father's head became a perfect blank and he could only shake it sorrowfully. At last Jacob, the star of the family, spoke up. "He must be lost. Let's go and find him." So the family set off once more, the teacher watching them from the door. Every policeman was stopped and commanded to give Heinrich up and each time the blue uniformed officer looked the Schmidleins over, then turned away, shaking his head, and the worthy people thought it was on Heinrich's account that so much emotion was shown.

At last they found a policeman, who was able to give them more satisfaction than the others. He had seen a little boy, he said, walking along with an old man and from his great resemblance to this family he thought it must be the lost child.

"Right up this street they went," he said, "and into that store," indicating the dark little second-hand store. The Schmidleins thanked him with tears of gratitude and then went on their way.

Many people marvelled to see this strange family rush up the street and into the little store in which there was hardly room for them all. Mr. and Mrs. Strauss holding fast to Heinrich, who was between them, appeared from the back of the store. Papa Schmidlein and all the little Schmidleins immediately precipitated themselves upon Heinrich, crying, "Heinrich,

ach Heinrich!" but mamma Schmidlein, strange to say, paid no attention to her small son. She rushed into the arms of Mr. Strauss, also crying, "Heinrich, Bruder Heinrich!" Then pointing to Mr. Strauss, whose face was wreathed with smiles, she exclaimed, "Come all this way from Germany, Bruder Heinrich, and I not know it!" "Kannst dich-nein-kann dich nicht finden als ich hier komme," answered Heinrich der alte.

When exclamations and explanations were ended they all turned to young Heinrich in silence. The Schmidlein father looked accusingly at the Strausses. "We wanted einen kleinen Kuabe so viel," they both exclaimed and looked so very repentant that father Schmidlein's scowl gradually disappeared. Then Mrs. Strauss must make coffee, so they sat down to a pleasant meal all talking at once. Under the influence of a big stein of beer Father Schmidlein grew generous—"Du sollst-nein lieber-Sie sollen Heinrich bei Ihnen nehmen-Wir haben plenty kinder," he said, looking at his wife who nodded in approval. The Strausses were overjoyed but Heine looked doubtful. He soon cheered up, however, when his adopted father turned to him and said: "Sountag go you home, and here you have zwei, nein adh, drei eggs fried zum Fruhstuck."

* *

A Character Sketch

Jack came to visit us, to our dismay. He was about eight years old, very red headed and very lively. He came in just as we were sitting down to lunch, having walked up from his aunt's.

"Hello, Grandma," he shouted, opening the door

and rushing into the dining room, "I'm going to visit you for two weeks. Aren't you glad?"

His grandmother smiled back at him and was about to reply, when—

"Say, I'm hungry," he said, eying the table.

"Well, run and wash your face and come to lunch," she answered, picking up his hat from the floor.

Jack soon returned with the dirt smeared over his face and his hair plastered down on his forehead, but he thought he was clean, so we let him sit down. He climbed into my chair, looked about the table, passed his plate and said, "I'll take some chicken."

"These are chops," explained his grandmother patiently, "Will you have one?"

"Two of 'em," he answered. So it went; he would not drink milk and when he got cocoa he spilled it on the tablecloth and in his desert, which he straightway refused to eat; but took an orange and left the table to "see the place" as he said.

A few minutes later he went dashing by the window chasing the cat and throwing stones in all directions. Grandmother called and he immediately became interested in the flowers, assuming such an angelic look that we thought he was really going to be good. But no,—he quarreled with the neighbor's children and frankly told the mother, who came to their rescue, he would "fight 'em both with one hand." I endeavored to get him interested in something nice and quiet so went to hunt some chalk for the little blackboard. But when I returned he had the cat, which had evidently been held under the faucet, and was cutting its hair. I rescued the cat but when Jack's grandmother saw it sunning itself shortly afterwards, the sight convinced her then and there, that it would be impossible for Jack to

stay a moment longer. She then dragged him from the strawberry patch, where he had gone, while I was questioned as to the cat's health, and sent him back to his aunt's.

* *

Y. W. C. A. Notes

We are very proud of the membership of our Y. W. C. A. Every college girl is a member of the association and there are only two academy girls who do not belong, making a percent of 95½. "Willamette Take Notice."

During the last month the Y. W. C. A. has enjoyed the privilege of having outside leaders for several of the meetings.

April 30 Rev. Palmer, of the Presbyterian church, gave a very instructive talk to the girls, on the importance of always keeping a reserve force laid up for any possible emergency.

The prayer meeting of May 7 was conducted by the South American mission study class of the association. Vera York presided over the meeting and different members of the study class gave interesting discussions concerning the various phases of the work in South America.

May 14 the girls greatly enjoyed hearing Mrs. Eula Lewis, who gave a very helpful talk on what constitutes an ideal woman. Among the qualities which an ideal woman should possess are those of gentleness, dignity, sincerity and Godliness. A girl should always try to pick out the best qualities in those around her and should allow only persons of the highest character to influence her life. Above all Christ should be the model of each and every one.

"There is so much good in the worst of us,
And so much bad in the best of us,
That it hardly hehooves any of us,
To talk about the rest of us."

Y. M. C. A. Notes

Gale Seaman, the Pacific Coast student secretary of the Y. M. C. A., addressed chapel on the morning of April 25. He spoke of the responsibility resting upon every college man because of the privileges he is permitted to enjoy. He also said that the world depended a great deal on college men as leaders. His talk was based on the thot, "Unto whomsoever much is given of him shall be much required." In the afternoon at a cabinet meeting Mr. Seaman gave some helpful suggestions to the committee chairman. The main purpose of his visit however was to encourage as many fellows as possible to attend the summer conference at Columbia Beach June 11-22, inclusive.

Five of the Y. M. C. A. boys went to Rex, May 7, to fill the monthly appointment. On account of sickness two of the members of the quartet were unable to be present. In answer to prayer the blessing of God rested upon the service thro out for which we indeed praise Him.

The chairmen of the different committees are getting their work "lined up" for the coming school year.

Mr. Norwood, pastor of the Baptist church, led the Y. M. C. A. meeting April 23. He spoke especially of the need of the development of the physical man, as well as the mental and spiritual, while in school.

April 30, a "Songfest" was held in the music room. Prof. Hull led in the singing. The president had charge of the service. The object, as stated by the committee, was to try this plan of getting more life into our singing than we have had heretofore.

On May 7, our president, Olin Hadley, gave a re-

port of the Y. M. C. A. officers' conference which he had recently attended at Albany.

Mr. Parker, pastor of the Friends church at Springbrook, led the services May 14. After a precious season of prayer, he spoke first of the need of "putting on the 'whole' armor of God," as Christians, and the need of a life without sin, made possible thru the cleansing from sin by the blood of Christ. Among other helpful thots he impressed every Christian with the need of living a life before others that will have an influence on them for good. The service was helpful thru out.



Vacation time approaches,
The precious moments hie;
It comes on the wings, on the gauzy wings
Of that dreaded beast, the fly.

Get out your fishin' tackle,
Let's haste down to the water,
Put on your bonnets and straw hats
But don't forget your swatter.



Events

- June 7—Baseball game. P. C. vs Town Team.
- June 7—Music Recital, 3 p. m.
- June 8—11 a. m. Baccalaureate Services.
- 8 p. m. Addresses before Christian Associations
- June 9—Class Day Exercises.
- June 10—Public Meeting of Alumni, 8 p. m.
- June 11—Commencement, 10 a. m.

THE CRESCENT.

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Terms, 75c. a Year in Advance. Single Copy 10c.

We feel that a word of thanks is due the Crescent staff for the kindness shown in allowing the Freshmen the opportunity of getting into print, thru the May Crescent. The product may be crude but treat it kindly. Little is expected of Freshmen, we hope we may not fall short of that little.



Be on the square. That is what the world is demanding now, and is what the future will demand even to a greater extent. Be on the square when adversities are yours, when the other fellow might be tempted to be dishonest. What tho you don't have 'nary' dime, gettin' broke isn't a crime. Don't round off the corners, be on the square twenty-four hours every day in the year.

Gritty To go thru school, you first take a big dose of **Grit** grit. You then get all the ready money you have, borrow all your friends have, and make arrangements for unlimited credit at a good solvent bank. You then pack your trunk, take some more grit, bid your friends goodbye, and take some more grit. It is better, if possible, just before you start to take some more grit. Don't worry that you will be over stocked, because every day of your life you'll need grit. The fellow that wins is the fellow that sticks with his job. It takes grit to get out and practice football every evening, rain or shine. Grit to work an algebra problem, when it looks unworkable. Grit to translate Latin, when you want to go to the entertainment, or, perhaps to bed. Indeed everything worth while takes persistent grit, grit, grit.



ADVICE TO SENIORS
Seniors, Seniors,
You'd better cram
Soon you'll be taking
Your last exam.



Locals

May Day exercises were voted a complete success by all. Everything proceeded smoothly, and in good order, due to the excellent management of the leaders and the faithful co-operation of the students. The sky cleared and the sun came out bright and warm at about 9 o'clock, just in time for the forming of the parade. Promptly at 10 o'clock the parade left the campus, marched down First street to Main, down Main street a

few blocks and then up to First and back to the college grounds. The line was headed by two heralds dressed in old English. There were several autos in which rode President Pennington and Mayor Gordon, the May Queen and all her attendants, and the members of the faculty. Interspersed between these were the boys of the baseball team, and chimney sweeps, jesters, beggars, fiddlers, Jack-in-the-green, and quack doctors, the May pole girls, the shepherdesses with their goats and the milk-maids with their cow. All of these different characters carried out the old English styles in their costumes. The quack doctors seemed to attract special attention as they advertised their wares and solicited orders from the spectators. In the mean time a large crowd had gathered on the athletic field where the exercises were to be given. First, Miss Mary Jones, the May Queen, was crowned and then sat in state with her attendants about her, as the rest of the program proceeded. The milk maids and shepherdesses went through a military drill. In their picturesque costumes with their large crooks and shining pails they formed a pleasing spectacle. After a short interval in which curios from Pacific College museum were shown, came the winding of the Maypole. The morning program was concluded by a serpentine parade which finally formed itself into a compact coil from which issued a vociferous yell for old P. C., and cheers for the May Queen. The events of the day were crowned by a large college bonfire and feed where students and faculty roasted marshmallows and weenies, and had a general good time.

On the evening of April 26, the Sophomores were entertained in the dormitory parlors by the Freshmen. Buttons were the main feature of the evening and Em-

mett Gulley showed as surprising efficiency in sewing on the necessary articles as Miss Lewis showed accuracy in throwing them.

Secretary Seemen of the Y. M. C. A. spoke to the students in chapel April 25.

April 25 the Seniors and Juniors gave the public a rare entertainment at a very low price. A pennant was awarded for the best essay and it was received by Miss Mabel Haworth.

In student body meeting April 24 Emmett Gulley was elected treasurer of the State Debating League for the ensuing year.

May 12 the Sophomores and Freshmen laid weighty matters before the public. Miss Gladys Hannon received the pennant as having the most weighty subject.

At a meeting of the Prohibition League Herbert R. York was elected president of the state I. P. A.

The home of Miss Esther Miles was the scene of a very enjoyable occasion on the evening of May 16, when several academy and college students met together for a social time.

Miss Marjorie Lewis visited the college May 14 and was royally entertained by her fond aunt and many friends.

A music recital was held in the college chapel on the evening of April 28. Miss Mary Jones took the leading part and played several selections from the best Russian composers. This was the last of the evening recitals and at 3:50 p. m. the first of the regular afternoon public recitals was given by Miss Patrick and Miss Bartholomew whose musical selections were supplemented with readings by Prof. Hawkins.

The Junior-Senior banquet was given May 16 at the home of Mrs. L. M. Parker. Toasts were given by the Seniors and by Rae Langworthy and Mary Jones of the of the Junior class.

Mr. Whitely gave a very interesting talk in chapel May 16, having just returned from that part of the East which was the scene of the late disastrous floods. He told several incidents in the great catastrophe verifying these stories by pictures which gave ample evidence of the truth of the reports.

* * *

Sunshine, sunshine
Come our way,
We need you badly
For Campus Day.

Athletics

Despite the rough weather, the boys have been getting in some "hard licks" at base ball. Two match games have been played on the local field. The first, on April 26, was a hotly contested game from beginning to end. Most of the college boys were in good form and did some excellent work.

The Mac aggregation were let down with only three hits and one wee little score. Errors by their team were eleven. The local bunch run in four scores with five hits and only five errors. P. C. far outclassed Mac both in individual plays and head work.

On May 2, the Chemawa Indians carried off the big end of the stick, leaving P. C. one score and taking eleven. They outclassed P. C. in fielding and batting. While the locals put up a good game, they could not

handle such an experienced team. Every game brings old P. C. back a little stronger.

The tennis courts have been put in splendid condition, and some consistent practice is going on. The club has offered a prize for the best player, to be chosen in a tournament, which will be held later. This offers quite an inducement and it is hoped some good material will be developed.



Jokes

"Love is blind" they say,
Then if it can't see,
Why in the dickens
Don't some girl love me?—Arthur Benson.

Soph.: "I'm trying my best to get ahead."
Senior: "Goodness knows you need one."

Miss Sutton: "Will you get me a match?"

Miss Beck: "Yes, if you don't mind having a red-headed one."

Melvin: "Oh, Hazel, I have an idea."

Hazel: "Treat it kindly, Melvin, it's in a strange place."

At the Soph.-Freshman class public: Prescott Beals—"Congratulations, Miss Harvey. What was your theme about?"

Langworthy's Motto
All good boys love their sisters.
But I so good have grown,
That I love other boy's sisters
Better than my own.

Pluto is said to be an expert at distinguishing voices over the phone. "Practice makes perfect."

The following note was taken from a Sophomore girl as she was in the act of passing it to a friend: "I had a "crush" on Ernest Thun for a while. He really is very cute, but very bashful."

She: "I saw a man and a little boy going fishing this morning. Wonder who they were?"

He: "Didn't you recognize them? Why that was Pres. Pennington and Prof. Hawkins."

Mrs. Hodgin: "You may go to the board and write a sentence in the active voice and then change it to the passive." Result: Active—He is here. Passive—Here he is.

D. R.—"Hinshaw is getting to be some singer. He sings in the quoir at Portland."

C. J.—"Yes, he sings like a night-in-jail."

What is the difference between Mr. Myer's flashlight and a shooting star? Perhaps H. H. knows.

The catsup at the Dorn didn't seem to be seasoned just right—ask the boys where the pills came from.

Miss Beck:—"Have you done your outside reading yet?"

Boy:—"No, ma says it's too cold to read outside yet."

Some class to some people's spelling, for instance; "Jewdishes."

Small girl—"Why doesn't baby talk, father?"

Father—"He can't talk yet, dear. Young babies never do."

Small girl:—"Oh, yes they do, Job did. Nurse read to me out of the Bible how Job cursed the day he was born."

Tall slim gentlemen with pink pompadours are cautioned to be sure whom they are talking to before making rash proposals.

Pickett: "What's a joke?"

C. B.: "Something funny."

E. P.: "Always?"

C. B.: "Yes, always. Isn't it?"

E. P.: "Well, you're a joke and you're not funny."

Are you as inquisitive as the rest of them?

Someone said Elliott stole two sacks the day we played Mac. We had supposed that Melvin was more honest. We think that was a base trick and that anyone who would do it was a *base* ball-player.

English teacher meeting a H. S. Freshman in the hall: "Well how do you like the classics?"

Startled Freshie: "Oh, fine, they're very easy to carry around."



Exchanges

The Freshman number of "Wheat" (Ritzville, Wash.) is very neat and interesting.

"Things to Remember" in "Crimson and Grey" (The Dalles) are fine memory gems.

"The Southwest Standard" (Springfield, Missouri) has very clear cuts and the cartoons are timely.

"The Mirror" (Wilbar, Washington) has some interesting jokes.

"The Art No." of the "Comet" (Milwaukee, Wis.) is a beautiful paper.

The May issue of the "Messenger" (Bellingham, Wash.) is better than usual which is saying a good deal, for it is always so interesting.

"The Gondolier" (Venice, Calif.) is a classy paper.

The article on the origin of Senior gowns in "The Review" (McMinnville, Ore.) is interesting to many.



And now my friend
This is the end.
You've had a squint
Of the Freshies in print.

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